

Current
Comment

Soliciting a nationwide membership is an organization which calls itself "The Crusaders." Their platform is this: The Crusaders stand for true temperance. The Crusaders are opposed to the prohibition of liquor because (1) the prohibition of liquor is wrong in principle; (2) prohibition of liquor has proved impossible in practice. The Crusaders are in favor of controlling liquor by government regulation because (1) control is right in principle; (2) control has proved practical. The Crusaders will support all reasonable practical steps in the direction of substituting for national prohibition a program of liquor control which shall be just, which shall be intelligent and which, because it shall be acceptable to a majority of the American people, will be capable of fulfillment.

Not a bad platform, either. They will undoubtedly secure a vast number of subscribers—and what is more, they may accomplish their aim. It has always been our policy to remain silent on the liquor question, but conditions have reached the point where one of two things must be done. We must either enforce the prohibition law or we must make it possible for those who desire liquor to obtain something better than the rat poison and liquid barbed wire now being distributed to all corners throughout these United States.

For a matter of ten years bootleggers have been growing rich off the youth of the land. Crooked enforcement officers and crooked sheriffs have also lined their pockets. We do not mean to imply that all officials are crooked—far from it—but wherever there is opportunity for juicy graft, there you will always find a few who are willing to enrich themselves at the expense of their honor.

For ten years people who resent the suppression of their personal liberty, as they interpret the 18th amendment, have been poisoning themselves slowly with atrocious liquor. Inveterate drinkers, deprived of their supply, have killed themselves rapidly with canned heat. Youngsters who, had they been 17 to 20 years of age in the days of legalized liquor traffic would not have even considered intoxicants, now "pass out" regularly from an overdose of "corn." Do they drink because they like the stuff? We believe not. Rather they drink to show their disregard of a law which to them is nothing but a rule laid down by their elders for the purpose of hampering their personal liberty. Were decent liquor procurable most of them would either cease to drink or would imbibe sparingly of alcoholic beverages of quality.

At present the bootleggers are raking in the money. The federal government has cheated itself of millions in revenue annually and the "beer racket" with its attendant crimes—murder and gang warfare—has for ten years occupied a prominent place in the nation's press. Not only have these and other crimes traceable to prohibition occupied the newspapers, but they have occupied the full attention of hundreds of special federal enforcement officers, who by the way, do not work for a dollar a year. So the federal government is losing in more ways than one.

From the foregoing dissertation one might gather that we are in favor of federal liquor control. Well, we want one of two things, and that speedily—prohibition enforcement or federal liquor control. And as long as the bootleggers contribute millions of dollars annually to the dry forces of the nation, prohibition, together with its slim chance of enforcement, is here to stay. And that's all we'll say on that subject.

A man approached a parked car near Alum Rock the other

VOLUME 33, NUMBER 32

CAMPBELL, SANTA CLARA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA

TUESDAY, APRIL 15, 1930

C. OF C. DONATES
\$50 TO BOY SCOUT
BUILDING FUND

The Campbell Chamber of Commerce met in regular monthly session Monday evening at the community hall.

The most important and urgent business was taken up at this session and some issues completed. The fire commissioners were present and considerable attention was given the problem of the expansion of the fire district. The commissioners pointed out the inadvisability of branching out too far because of the lack of equipment necessary to take care of the added territory and due to the fact that action was not taken on it before March 1 an apportionment is not in the budget for additional supplies and more cannot be received for at least a year.

The Chamber of Commerce donated \$50 to the Boy Scout-Campfire Girls' building fund, this being a portion of the proceeds of the Kiwanis show of Feb. 22.

The road committee reported that bids are asked for promptly for the paving of Union avenue and there are prospects of another road being paved west of Campbell to meet the quit road.

The organization voted to assist the schools in preparing a float for the Fiesta parade if they decided to enter one.

Mrs. J. C. Ainsley
Entertains at Bridge

Twenty-eight guests were entertained at a delightful luncheon and bridge party last Tuesday in honor of Mrs. Alpheus Porter and Mrs. Ernest Kruger at the home of Mrs. J. C. Ainsley. The guests of honor are sailing soon for the Hawaiian islands.

Hawaii was the motif for the decorations, orange being the predominant color at the tables with miniature canoes as centerpiece; place cards and even the menu carried out the Hawaiian idea. Flowers were arranged around the rooms.

Mrs. Ainsley was assisted in her duties as hostess by Mrs. William Lloyd and Mrs. Gordon Ainsley.

Mrs. E. C. Alison and daughter Lucille, of Claremont, stopped for a while to visit friends in Campbell on their way to Palo Alto last week.

night and received a gunshot wound for his indiscretion. It would seem that people who would seem that people who park their cars on country roads are getting touchy about being robbed and having their girl-friends abducted and mistreated. We don't blame them. Lovers, seeking solitude, should really park their cars in town, but if they are too bashful to do that they should go "heeled"—but not before they have some knowledge of the proper handling of an arm and a permit from the sheriff to carry it. Even stopping to fix a tire a man is liable to find himself confronted by a thug who not only steals his money, but his wife or sweetheart as well. A well-wielded weapon very often saves the day—or evening, as the case may be.

Congressman Arthur Free of this district has advised friends that he will be unable to be here to carry on his campaign for re-election until certain important business at Washington has been attended to. He has left his campaign in the hands of friends. Mr. Free need not worry a great deal about his political position, for it seems that nearly every voter in the district is a friend to the man who has fought and won so many battles for the people who have entrusted him with the affairs of this part of the state.

That's all.

CAMPBELL PRESS

Be Progressive!
Incorporate Campbell
Trade At Home
READ THE PRESS

Where Ideas are Born

By Albert T. Reid

HOLLISTER GAME
POSTPONED; LOCAL
9 LOSE TO 'STARS'

The Hollister-Campbell baseball game which was slated for last Sunday was postponed on account of the fact that Hollister as yet has no organized team. Not wishing to disappoint the fans, Manager Peter Lencioni secured a game with Mission San Jose and when they failed to show up he got together a team of what might be called "all-stars." The hastily gotten together team proceeded to trim the home nine to the tune of 8-4. The defeat was charged to "horseplay" in the seventh, for up to that frame the Campbell team led 4-1. Nessler of the San Mateo Blues pitched for the stars and is credited with the victory.

	AB.	R.	H.	E.
Campbell	5	0	1	1
Lanotti, 6	5	0	0	1
Clark, 8	4	0	0	1
G. Frank, 5-1	4	0	0	1
Preston, 3	4	1	2	0
Albini, 1-5	5	1	1	0
P. Frank, 7	2	2	1	0
Kennedy, 9	4	0	1	0
Bonocorso, 4	3	0	0	0
Gatto, 2	3	0	1	3

Totals 35 4 7 6

	AB.	R.	H.	E.
All Stars	5	2	3	0
Mannini, 9	5	1	0	0
Vaughn, 3	5	1	0	0
L. Anti, 2	5	1	0	0
J. Anti, 6	5	0	0	1
Abernath, 5	4	0	0	0
Albini, 7	2	0	0	0
Musladin, 8	2	0	0	0
Nessler, 1	3	1	1	0
Countryman, 7	2	1	0	0
Beauserang, 1	1	2	1	0

Totals 34 8 5 1

Sunday the Campbell team will tangle with a red hot nine—San Leandro—on the local diamond at 2:30 sharp. The boys are always glad to see a good crowd out to witness the games, so don't disappoint them.

W. C. T. U. Meets
Wednesday With
Mrs. R. Kennedy

The local W. C. T. U. will meet with Mrs. R. W. Kennedy at her home on North First street Wednesday afternoon, April 16, at 2:30 o'clock.

Delegates, who recently attended the county convention, will give their reports on the meetings. The convention was held at Palo Alto April 10-11.

DUNLAP & SMILY
REMODEL AND IN-
STALL MACHINE

Messrs Dunlap and Smily of the Service garage are this week remodeling the office and parts department of their establishment in order that they may carry a more complete and easily accessible line of parts, tires and accessories for all makes of cars. The office is being enlarged and will permit a more attractive arrangement to the trade.

In addition to these improvements the auto and radio men have installed a new machine. It is called the Jewel radio set analyzer and its purpose is to quickly determine the source of any trouble which may occur in any radio set. The instrument is the very best to be had and represents the outlay of a very considerable sum of money. Mr. Dunlap said that their name, "Service," applies to radio work as well as the motor car repair end of the business and the new equipment is expected to aid materially in rendering the best radio service in this part of the valley.

QUEEN CONTEST IS
DRAWING MUCH IN-
TEREST THIS YEAR

Arrangements for entertaining the queen of the Fiesta de las Rosas and her ten ladies-in-waiting, who will be chosen from among the candidates offered by county towns other than San Jose, are occupying the fiesta queen committee.

Already, with keen rivalry manifested in each community, a number of committees have been chosen to pick a seniority worthy of ruling this outstanding event. Each city will be asked to choose a number of candidates and select one from this number to come to San Jose for the final judging, which will be held in the lounge of the Sainte Claire hotel at 8:30 o'clock Saturday night, May 3.

Sunnyvale, Los Altos, Santa Clara, Los Gatos and Saratoga have already chosen their committees for the selection of a queen candidate. Campbell will have no candidate this year although several other entries will be made from here.

S. N. Hedegard spent part of last week in Newman.

M. E. BASKETBALL
TEAM RISES TO THE
TOP OF LEAGUE

Maintaining the pace-setting speed that has carried them to the top of the church league sponsored by the San Jose Y. M. C. A., the Campbell M. E. basketball team decisively defeated the Presbyterian quintet on the "Y" floor last Saturday night 39-24. This is the fourth straight victory for the local boys and they need but one more victory to capture the league championship.

The game was hard-fought and rough. Campbell converted seven out of eight foul tries and played a superior floor game. Stanley DeSelle, Campbell center, led in scoring with a total of 15 points. Harold Gardner was next in line with 13 tallies.

On the same evening, Centella lost to Latter Day Saints on a forfeit and St. Paul's M. E. defeated the First M. E.

The box-score:

	Fg	Ft	T
Campbell M. E.	3	4	10
Lea, f.	3	4	10
Gardner, f.	6	1	13
S. DeSelle, c.	7	1	15
Rickers, g.	0	0	1
Buchanan, g.	0	0	0
P. DeSelle, g.	0	0	0

	Fg	Ft	T
1st Presbyterian	1	0	2
Higgins, f.	6	0	12
Crieler, f.	4	0	8
McGinis, c.	1	0	2
Pugh, g.	0	0	0
Collings, g.	0	0	0
Foster, g.	0	0	0

Standin of teams:	W	L	Pct.
Campbell M. E.	4	0	.1000
St. Paul M. E.	3	1	.7500
Presbyterian	2	2	.5000
Latter Day Saints	2	2	.5000
Centella M. E.	1	3	.2500
First M. E.	0	4	.0000

ALUMNI COUNCIL TO
MEET AT ST. CLAIRE

The alumni council of the C. U. H. S. will meet at the Hotel Sainte Claire Wednesday evening, April 16, at 7:30.

So far plans for the fiesta week re-union are progressing very rapidly and some of the details have been completed. The committee in charge of the music has obtained a five-piece joy band for the entertainment Fiesta evening.

The acting president, Dan Yeager, will announce the appointments for the reception committee during the week beginning April 21.

LOCAL SEA SCOUTS
GUESTS OF SAN
JOSE ROTARIANS

The Campbell Sea Scouts, winners of national and regional honors, were guests of honor of the Rotary club in San Jose Wednesday noon at a luncheon at the Hotel Sainte Claire.

Included in the list of honor guests were Thomas J. Keane, national Sea Scout director, Fred Bosbyshell, chairman of the twelfth division, Commander H. H. Hallin of the United States naval reserves. Thomas Keane gave a brief talk showing the purposes of the organization of Sea Scouts and the achievements of the various troops. He highly praised the Campbell boys for their remarkable record and read part of their reports to the members of the Rotary club.

The local scouts are second in the United States in rank for activities, which means second in the world, for the United States has the largest and best organized troops in the entire world. The boys also hold first place for flagship honors in their district, which covers four states.

Campbell is very proud of the work of their Sea Scouts. There are more than 50,000 boys in the Sea Scouts of this district and it is up to the Campbell lads to lead them for the next 12 months in activities. Of the towns in this part of California, Campbell boys have probably have the greatest distance to go to get to water enough in which to do their stuff, and their time for practice is limited, but the time they had was evidently put to good use to bring them such great success.

Members of Troop 26 present at the luncheon were Alfred Beer, Robert Cunningham, Lloyd Brown, Frank Gardner, Harris Gardner, Thomas Hiatt, Bradford Jones, Ivan Nelson, Herbert Pryor, Ernest Rogers, Henry Ruthnick, Peter Ryan, Elmer Sundquist, Elwyn Stewart, Miles Standish, Earl Vaughn, Noel Voge and their skipper, Worthin Grattan.

RALPH HYDE FIRST
PRESIDENT OF NEW
CTY. ORGANIZATION

Organization of the Santa Clara County Association of Insurance Agents was completed at a meeting held at the Commercial club in San Jose March 24, and presided over by the temporary president, Ralph H. Hyde.

The following officers were elected for the remainder of the fiscal year ending September 1, 1930: President, Ralph H. Hyde, Campbell; vice president, Arch bell, Los Gatos; secretary-treasurer, G. Redge Harmon, San Jose. As members of the executive committee, in addition to the officers, the following were elected: W. T. Rambo, San Jose; G. B. Roddeck, Gilroy; H. O. H. Shelley, Cupertino; Richard Hook, Mt. View, and W. E. Southwood of Palo Alto.

Cities represented at the meeting were San Jose, Campbell, Los Gatos, Saratoga, Cupertino, Palo Alto and Gilroy. Every member present at the meeting was appointed a member of the membership committee with instructions to bring as many members as possible from their respective communities.

The first regular meeting was held April 14.

Mrs. Ira Abbott and daughter left Thursday for a two-weeks' visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Black of Fresno.

Wednesday afternoon the Young Women's Service club was entertained by Mrs. C. E. York, Mrs. A. C. Anderson and Mrs. Harry Lohr at the York home on San Tomas road.

POULTRY

STARVING CHICKS IS UNNECESSARY

Experts Find Early Feeding Is Not Harmful.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The popular belief that baby chicks should be starved for the first 48 or 72 hours to prevent bowel trouble has finally given way to scientific knowledge. It is now known that early feeding is not harmful. However, neither does delayed feeding seem to be harmful.

Experiments conducted by Bert W. Heywang and Dr. W. A. Jull, poultry specialists of the United States Department of Agriculture, to determine the effect of early feeding on the absorption of the egg yolk which is usually present in the body of the chick when hatched, show that early feeding actually tends to stimulate slightly the rate of yolk assimilation. Feeding scratch grain caused more rapid assimilation than feeding mash.

As a result of these experiments, Doctor Jull points out, poultry raisers have unbiased facts to guide them in the management of baby chicks. Under normal conditions the best thing to do is feed them early. If there is some special reason for withholding food for the first two or three days, this can be done without running the risk of stunting the chicks. Baby chicks shipped by parcel post or by express probably should not be fed before shipping, Doctor Jull says.

Blackhead Evaded by Keeping Poults Alone

To prevent blackhead infection in young turkeys, they should not have chicken or turkey hens as mothers. Even though turkeys are put on a clean range, not infested with blackhead, it is likely that they will get the disease from the mother hen, says J. B. Hayes, University of Wisconsin.

The practice may be avoided by using a new brooder stove for incubator hatched turkeys. A clean range is also necessary, but old birds should not run with the young turkeys, according to Hayes.

By adhering to a strict sanitation program of this kind, Hayes says that blackhead can be evaded, and there should be no more trouble with turkeys than with young chicks.

Move Brooder Houses

Brooder houses are commonly made movable in order to change their location and keep the chicks on clean ground.

But much of the convenience of a brooder house is lost when it is moved to a point distant from other farm buildings.

The problem of finding clean ground and keeping it free from disease germs is a difficult one under average farm conditions, but it is a sure road to success.

POULTRY NOTES

Feed grain in troughs each day.

Start with chicks from breeding stock of known merit.

Chickens need minerals both for body maintenance and for shell formation.

A fat breeding hen is not conducive to hatchability in the eggs she produces.

When ten days old the ducks can be cut down to three or four feedings daily.

Oyster shell, sunshine and green feed are all necessary for high hatchability.

Grow chicks separately from old flock so they will not range on same ground.

Use dependable brooder of proper size for house and number of chicks to be brooded.

Showings are superior to straw as litter for hens, as well as for nest material to prevent soiled eggs.

Discard all hens which lay very small eggs, since these eggs hatch poorly and produce pullets that lay small eggs.

Scrape floor, sweep walls, scrub with hot lye water and spray with disinfectant before moving house or putting in chicks.

Gaslines cannot live without grass. Dry bread softened in sweet skim milk and pressed quite dry is good for the first feed.

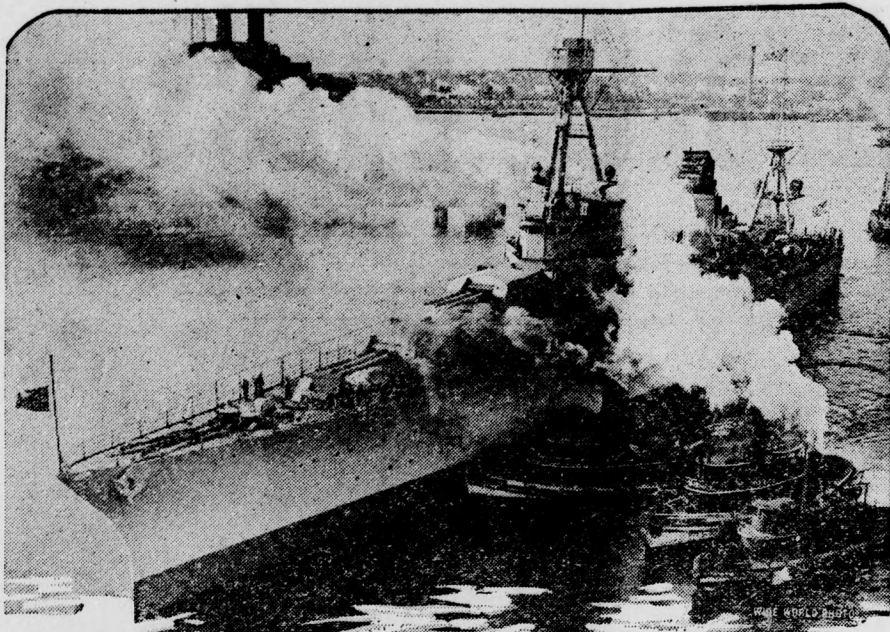
See that the house receives no moisture because of location, and make sure that lack of ventilation does not create moisture within.

Probably the most satisfactory and certainly the easiest and simplest way to mature and condition pullets is to allow them a good ration and keep them on clean range.

Oyster shell or ground limestone should be kept before hens at all times. When these mineral compounds are absent, fewer eggs are produced, and the hatchability of the fertile eggs is decreased.

Remember that your success in producing hatchable eggs depends on the vigor and vitality of the breeding stock, complete rations containing vitamins and minerals, and the proper care of eggs before setting.

New U. S. Sea Dog on Trial Run



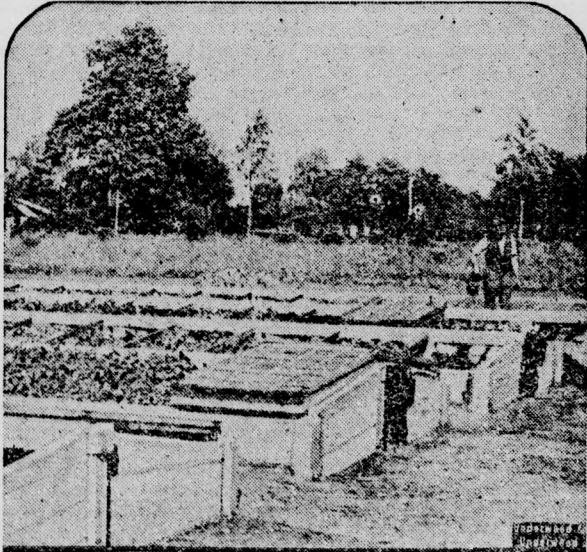
The U. S. S. Northampton, one of Uncle Sam's newest cruisers, with a civilian crew aboard, leaving Fore River, Mass., on her way to the open sea for her trial run. The new cruiser will be turned over to the navy in April.

Whole Town Destroyed by Flames



The desolate town of Montvernier, France, after it had been entirely destroyed by a fire which raged for a whole night.

Electricity Makes Plants Grow



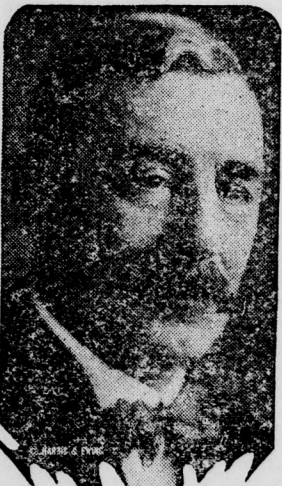
Germany gets surprising results from "wired" gardens and hot-houses. The system is copied from the Swedish and Norwegian experiments in forcing plant growth by electricity. The picture shows an electrically heated garden at one of the experiment stations.

Educating Italy's Farmers



Mussolini inspecting a display in one of the trucks in the train which will travel all over Italy to give farmers a graphic lesson in modern methods of agriculture.

BRITAIN'S NEW ENVOY



Sir Ronald Lindsay, new British ambassador to the United States. He succeeds Sir Esme Howard.

O. K.'S NEW PLANET



Dr. William Wallace Campbell of Lick observatory has verified the discovery by Lowell observatory of a ninth planet revolving about the sun.

Dogs and Cats Colorblind

According to a Nebraska scientist who experimented extensively, both dogs and cats are color blind.

The Stuff You Show

After all, it's the fight and not the referee's decision, that shows the man.—American Magazine.

STINGY KISSER



He—I'm going to kiss you and kiss you, and kiss you.
She—What! Only three times?

A CONSIDERATION



"How in the world did she come to fall in love with a drug store clerk?"
"Well, she can get her hair nets for nothing."

WAS CLEANING UP



"What's George doing now? They tell me he's cleaning up several hundred a day."
"Sure thing—he's a dishwasher in a down town cafe."

SOMETHING HATCHING



Wife (before open grate)—Listen, dear, how the fire is saying, "Peep, peep, peep."
Hubby—Well, the grate's full of egg coal.

TOO POOR FOR WOLF



Wife—The wolf is at the door.
Hubby—If you'll tell him to go to the side window where he can see into the pantry I think he'll go away.

SILVER-LINED CLOUD



"In money matters, he's under a cloud, they say."
"Well, he's lined it with silver, so nobody cares."



A Sour Stomach

In the same time it takes a dose of soda to bring a little temporary relief of gas and sour stomach, Phillips Milk of Magnesia has acidity completely checked, and the digestive organs all tranquilized. Once you have tried this form of relief you will cease to worry about your diet and experience a new freedom in eating.

This pleasant preparation is just as good for children, too. Use it whenever coated tongue or fetid breath signals need of a sweetener. Physicians will tell you that every spoonful of Phillips Milk of Magnesia neutralizes many times its volume in acid. Get the genuine, the name Phillips is important. Imitations do not act the same!

PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

Her Ambition

The Visitor—What are you going to be when you grow up?
Little Ethel—Oh, I expect I shall be a flapper.

Lead

"Charlie seems bent over lately."
"Yes, he is loaded down with success theories."



Don't neglect a COLD

DISTRESSING cold in chest or throat—that so often leads to something serious—generally responds to good old Musterole with the first application. Should be more effective if used **once every hour for five hours.**

Working like the trained hands of a masseur, this famous blend of oil of mustard, camphor, menthol and other helpful ingredients brings relief naturally. It penetrates and stimulates blood circulation, helps to draw out infection and pain. Used by millions for 20 years. Recommended by doctors and nurses. Keep Musterole handy—jars and tubes.

To Mothers—Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole.



Save the Surface

Piggly—Is my face dirty, or is it my imagination?

Wiggly—Your face isn't; I don't know about your imagination.—Western Christian Advocate.



"Brought Back My Strength"

"My little daughter was born on a homestead in northern Alberta. I had four other children and I worked so hard that I suffered a nervous breakdown. The doctor's tonic did not seem to help me and when a friend told me about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, I began to take that instead. I kept on until I felt well again. It brought back my strength. Today I can do anything, thanks to the Vegetable Compound."

—Mrs. William Parent, 2415 W. 62nd Street, Seattle, Washington.



The Mazaroff Mystery

By J. S. FLETCHER

(© by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.)
W. N. U. Service

Illustrations by IRWIN MYERS

The most casual eye would pick out Salim Mazaroff as a notable figure, a man of affairs, who rightfully claimed the attention of the multitude; yet there was a geniality about him, a democracy of manner, which reserved him no pinnacle above his fellows but made him one of them. There was an element of mystery about him too, but it was not the sort to produce suspicion, but rather, of the type to intrigue and invite a friendly interest.

Being so obviously a real man and so affable and open-handed, he was about the last person in the world one would think of as likely to have created powerful enemies or of being the object of a sinister pursuit and revenge. Why should anyone wish to do harm to this able, generous and thoroughly likable individual?

Facts being as they were and no dark chapters in his life even hinted at, it became all the more strange that such things as afterward developed should have befallen him; that he should have become the center of a mystery that was cunning, cruel and baffling.

This is a typical J. S. Fletcher story of the puzzle variety. This author's popularity rests upon the fact that he always has an entertaining tale to tell and tells it ably. His people are always human and he never loses track of the many threads in his mystery or fails to work out his puzzles satisfactorily.

CHAPTER I Mr. Mazaroff.

IT WAS Dick Harker who first put me in touch with the man whose mysterious murder, while in my company, formed the basis of what came to be famous in three continents as the Mazaroff affair. Harker and I were old schoolfellows; we entered the army together as subalterns; we were in the same battalion throughout the great war; we were wounded in the same scrap—a fortnight before the armistice; we were sent to the same home hospital, and were eventually discharged from it at the same time, each unit for any further military service, but fortunately in possession of our full complement of limbs. Harker walked into my room one morning while I was still at breakfast, and flung down a copy of the Times, indicating a blue-pencil advertisement in the "Personal" column.

"That's your job, Mervyn," he said in his usual direct fashion. "Get busy!"

I took up the paper and read the advertisement before making any remark.

"The advertiser, who has recently returned from England after a prolonged absence, and is desirous of making an extensive tour through the northern shires, in his private automobile, desiring the company of a bright, sociable, well-educated, and well-informed young gentleman, preferably an ex-officer, inviolated with of the service. Applications, with full and precise details and references, to be addressed Box M. 5343, the Times, E.C.4."

I think it was more out of curiosity than anything that I replied to that advertisement, setting forth my qualifications and detailing my references. Yet I never expected any reply. I knew well enough that there were hundreds of men whose qualifications and references would be just as good as my own—why should I be singled out? It was therefore with a good deal of surprise that, about a fortnight later, I received and read the following letter:

"Hotel Cecil,

"8th September, 1919.
"My Dear Sir, I am much obliged to you for your letter of the 23rd August. I think you and I would get on very pleasantly, and I shall be further obliged to you if you will call on me at this hotel tomorrow morning about half past twelve o'clock so that we may have a little talk. I remain, my dear sir,

"Truly yours,

"SALIM MAZAROFF."

I walked into the Hotel Cecil next morning at precisely twelve-thirty. Evidently Mr. Mazaroff had already given certain instructions about me, for as soon as I inquired for him, I in my turn, was asked if I was Mr. Mervyn Holt, and on my assenting, was handed over to an attendant who whisked me off to a private and palatial suite of rooms. He installed me in an ante-chamber, tapped at an inner door, murmured my name to somebody within, closed the door, informed me that Mr. Mazaroff wouldn't keep me one minute, and went away. And I discovered at once that Mr. Mazaroff was really a man of his word, for before a minute had gone, the door opened again, and he stood there with outstretched hand.

I took a good look at him as I went forward. I judged him to be about six feet in height; his breadth corresponded; altogether he gave one the impression of bigness and solidity. His age it was difficult to estimate; his brown hair and beard were grizzled, and between his eyes and his mustache there was a good deal of sun and wrinkle; he looked like a man who had weathered storms, and been under fierce suns and driving winds. There was a distinctive air of good nature, good humor, even of benevolence, about him, but it was somewhat disguised by a long, sharp nose and close-set, small eyes, and further by a cast in the left eye. But his

smile was pleasant enough; so was the twinkle of his eyes, and there was nothing cold nor formal about his handshake.

"Glad to see you," he said, almost brusquely.

I was certain that wherever or however Mr. Mazaroff had come by his un-English name, he himself was a Scotsman; there was no mistaking his accent.

"I hope you're feeling quite well again after your wounds?" he asked.

"Quite fit, thank you," I answered. "Fit for light work, any way."

"Aye, well," he said, nodding. "As I said in my letter, I think you and I'll get on very pleasantly, if you care to come with an old fellow like me."

"I shall be pleased to go with you," I answered. "I hope I shall be able to do all you want. You think I shall?"

"It's little I want but company," he replied. "I'm a lone man—neither kith, kin nor friends. I've been out of this country many years, and now I'm back I just want to dance."



Mr. Mazaroff and I Spent a Couple of Hours Over That Lunch and Our Cigars and Coffee.

der round a bit, seeing places. An idle time, eh?"

"You've no fixed plans?" I inquired.

"No more than that we'll just get into my car and go north," he answered. "Stopping where we like and when we like. I'll tell you I've a fancy for old towns, anything old and gray and cool. You take me?"

"The Great North road, then, will be a good route to follow?" I said.

"I know that road and its surroundings—well!"

"That's it!" he exclaimed, joyfully. "We'll do very well—just progressing northward. I've no particular object—except that when we get far north, there's a place I want to turn aside to—Marrasdale moor—just to renew acquaintances. What about terms, now?" he asked, diffidently.

"I think I ought to leave that to you, Mr. Mazaroff," I answered.

"I prefer to."

He gave a sigh of what, it was plain, was sheer relief.

"That's just what I'd like you to do," he said simply. "That's a thing that gentlemen shouldn't bargain about. Leave it to me—you'll not regret it. I'm a very rich man, laddie, and rich men are entitled to have their little games and fancies, eh? Very well, now—and when can you be ready to start?"

"Any time with a couple of hours' notice," I replied.

"Good—good!" he exclaimed. "Then I'll just tell you what we'll do. Holt. Bring your kit along here this afternoon, and we'll start about five o'clock, and run gently along as far as we like before dinner time—there'll be some old town where we can spend a peaceful evening and a quiet night in an old-fashioned hotel. I've a fine Rolls-Royce car in the garage, and a thoroughly dependable chauffeur, Webster, a trusty good, sensible fellow, and we'll be right as rain. Come by five o'clock. That'll suit you? Good! And now we'll just go down and take a bit of lunch together."

Mr. Mazaroff and I spent a couple of hours over that lunch and our cigars and coffee. He proved himself a knowing and generous host, and a great talker. His talk was worth listening to. I soon discovered that he had seen strange places and peoples; without giving me any definite information about himself or his pursuits, he let me know that he had traveled extensively in various out-of-the-way parts of Asia and Africa. Presently I left him and went away to make ready for my journey; at five o'clock I was back at the hotel with my luggage, and by a quarter past we were off.

We followed Mr. Mazaroff's line of going as far as we liked, and stopping where and when we chose. It was difficult to get him away from towns like Stamford and Grantham—at York, after a preliminary inspection of the old city, he

announced his intention of staying a week; we stopped ten days.

All the way north, he was never tired of drawing me out about the war, and my own doings in it. It was of no use to profess that one had forgotten; he would have the whole tale. And for all the youngsters who had done their bit he professed an admiration which was akin to veritable hero worship.

We got on together splendidly—he was an excellent, a fatherly and brotherly companion. At the end of a month he and I were inseparable. We had then run into the crisp October weather of the north, and were on the southern edge of Northumberland. There, after consulting his map, he gave his chauffeur orders to cut across country, north by west, making by way of Hexham and Wark for the wild lands beyond, and for a particular place marked on the chart as the Woodcock Inn on Marrasdale moor.

When, rounding a heather-clad bluff that sloped sharply down to our track, we came in sight of the Woodcock Inn, I was amazed to think that a hostelry should be found in such a desert. It stood, a gaunt, gray mass of stone, on the edge of a great moor rimmed about by high hills—so veritable a solitude it was one could set eyes on. Beyond it there was not a sign of human habitation.

"What an extraordinary place for an inn!" I exclaimed as we moved nearer. "What custom can they get there?"

"I know this country," Mazaroff said. "Used to come here when I was a youngster. And though it's true there isn't a sign of life about us except what's signified by the old inn, it's not such a desert as it looks at first sight. There's nothing on the moor—Marrasdale moor—but you'll observe that there's valleys cutting in between the hills that run down to its edge? Well, there's villages in these valleys, and farmsteads, too, and more than one sizable country house. I mind them all well enough, laddie, though it's more years than I care to estimate since I set eyes on them!"

"There'll be people you remember," I suggested, "and who'll remember you?"

"Not after all these years!" he answered quickly. "And between you and me and the post, Holt, I've no wish to remember people, nor more particularly to be remembered by anybody. I don't want it to be known that I'm other than a complete stranger to the place."

I was wondering why he should be so mysterious about this, when we drew up to the door of the inn. There was a plain board sign over the wide, open door, undecorated save by a faded painting of a woodcock flying across a moonlit scene. Beneath it, in tarnished gilt letters appeared the words: "The Woodcock Inn by James Musgrave."

"It was Haneshaes that had it when I was last here," murmured my companion. "Dead and gone, no doubt, all of them! And this man no doubt'll be Musgrave."

A man had appeared at the open door, and was coming across the road to us. He was a middle-aged, good-looking fellow. Behind him came a woman, a sharp-featured, alert, quickly observing woman, who slipped past the man and gained the side of our car first. It was she who did the talking.

"Good-day, ma'am," said Mr. Mazaroff. "You'll be the landlady, no doubt?—and this'll be your husband? Aye, well now, we're thinking of breaking our journey here for a day or two, perhaps, or two or three, just to look around this grand country of yours. You'll have accommodations?"

"Oh, yes, indeed, sir," answered the woman, taking in the car and its occupants with appraising eyes. "Since this motoring became fashionable we've a lot of custom, and we're prepared for it. I think you'll find it comfortable, sir," as she led the way inside. "We've had customers here that said they were sorry to leave it. There's a sitting room here, sir, that you can have all to yourselves."

She showed us into an old-fashioned parlor, snugly furnished with solid old stuff, and lighted by tall, narrow windows that looked out on the moor and the hills; Mr. Mazaroff, at the mere sight of it, gave a grunt of pleased satisfaction. "Aye, aye," he said. "This'll do grandly—keep this room for me, ma'am, as long as we stop. Holt?" he exclaimed, when he had conferred with the landlady about dinner that evening and she had left us to ourselves. "This is the sort of place I've dreamed of, many and many a time when I've been in places where there wasn't the shade of a wall nor the leaf of a tree to creep under—a cool, gray, sleepy place where time seems to stand still. I like this, Holt—and we'll just have a look round before our dinner."

We went out to look round. It needed small powers of observation on my part to show me that Mr. Mazaroff was as well acquainted with this old wayside inn as its landlord and landlady were. I could see that he knew every stone of the ancient buildings and every yard of their surroundings. There was a walled garden at the side of the house; he wandered about it with the familiarity of a man who has known a place intimately. As

we were coming out of it, we saw Musgrave at its gate.

We had come up to the gate and as Musgrave was about to open it, two ladies came in view from behind the high wall, walking along the half-grass track by which we had motored during the last three or four miles of our journey. Musgrave lifted his hat as they glanced in our direction; each gave him a nod and a smile as they passed on before the front of the inn. At one of them I merely looked; to the other I gave more attention. She was a girl of possibly twenty-one or twenty years, brown-haired, light-colored skin and graceful in her country coat and skirt, disconcertingly pretty, as I could see in that brief glance; the other was a tall, handsome woman of middle age, somewhat stern and cold in manner, despite the gracious response which she made to the landlady's civil greeting. From their dress and appearance these were evidently folk of consequence.

I glanced at Mr. Mazaroff as the ladies disappeared. He was gazing after them, it seemed to me with unusual attention.

"Neighbors of yours?" he asked suddenly, turning to Musgrave.

"That's Mrs. Elphinstone, sir, of Marrasdale tower," replied the landlady. "That's the big old house across the moor. Used to belong to Sir Richard Cotgrave, old Marrasdale tower—been in the family hundreds of years, by all accounts. When Sir Richard died, a few years since, this Mr. Elphinstone bought the place and came to live here; most of the land hereabouts is his."

"Mrs. Elphinstone, eh?" said Mr. Mazaroff. "And the young lady?"

"No, sir," replied Musgrave. "The young lady is Miss Merchison—Miss Sheila, as we all call her. Mrs. Elphinstone's daughter by a previous marriage, sir."

I fancied I detected renewed interest in the expression of Mr. Mazaroff's face during this explanation. But he was a good hand at concealing his thoughts, and he turned and waved his hand toward the wide prospect before us.

"So Mr. Elphinstone of Marrasdale tower owns most of what we see?" he suggested.

"Well, not what you might call most, sir," replied Musgrave. "Those moors to the south and east, sir, High Cap moors, they belong to a London gentleman, Mr. Verner Courthorne, a banker. He's got a shooting box right in the middle of 'em—High Cap lodge they call it—and he's there now, with a small shooting party."

With occasional bits of gossip of this sort, our first evening at the Woodcock went off very pleasantly. I wondered what we were going to do with ourselves next day in so solitary a place. But Mr. Mazaroff, it seemed, had notions of his own, which he promptly explained on coming down to breakfast.

"Holt, laddie," he said, with a confidential nod, "you'll understand me, I'm sure—I want to have this day to myself, looking round old spots, you know, alone. And also, there's a man I want to see on a bit of business. So you amuse yourself till evening, when I'll be back in good time for dinner?"

"Of course!" I agreed. "I'll be all right. Don't bother about me."

He thanked me, almost as if I had been the first person to consider. Presently, carrying a stout stick, he went out—and I noticed that just before leaving our sitting room he put on a pair of blue spectacles, with some remark about the glare of the sun. He went off in the direction of the village, and I saw no more of him until he turned up again just as dinner was ready at seven o'clock. He was very quiet and thoughtful during dinner, and it was not until he was half way through his after-dinner cigar that he suddenly motioned me to draw my chair close alongside his own.

"Holt," he said, "I've something to tell you. And, mind!—it's the strangest tale you ever heard in your life!"

I suppose I gave him a wondering, and perhaps a half-uneasy stare, for he nodded reassuringly as he drew his chair still closer to mine.

"Nothing to be frightened about, Holt, my lad," he said. "Just—a coil, as you might put it. But—a bad one! And, as I said just now—as strange a tale as ever you heard. Anyway, one of 'em."

"Yes?" I said. "About—yourself?"

"Self and other folk," he replied, with a grin. "Other folk!—aye, there's the devil of it! If it were only myself, now—but there's more than one affected."

He turned to the window and for a moment or two sat staring fixedly and in silence across the moor stretching away in the rapidly gathering twilight. Curiosity got the better of me and I broke in on his thoughts.

"I'm all in the dark, Mr. Mazaroff," I said. "Am I to listen?"

He started—then gave an emphatic nod.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Mothers find it magic for scuffs

One touch of the dauber and scuffs disappear. Smooth, uniform color comes back to faded shoes. More than 50 marvelous shades—50 cents. Colors for black, brown, tan and white shoes—a neutral polish for others.

BARTON'S
DYANSHINE
SHOE POLISH



Ants' Mental Powers
The mental powers of ants, while Darwin referred to as perhaps more marvelous than those of man, have been the subject of close study by numerous observers.

FAMILY DOCTOR LEARNED THIS ABOUT CONSTIPATION

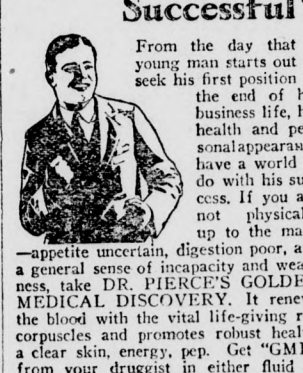


Dr. Caldwell loved people. His years of practice convinced him many were ruining their health by careless selection of laxatives. He determined to write a harmless prescription which would get at the cause of constipation, and correct it.

Today, the prescription he wrote in 1885 is the world's most popular laxative! He prescribed a mixture of herbs and other pure ingredients now known as Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, in thousands of cases where bad breath, coated tongue, gas, headaches, biliousness and lack of appetite or energy showed the bowels of men, women and children were sluggish. It proved successful in even the most obstinate cases; old folks liked it for it never gripes; children liked its pleasant taste. All druggists today have Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin in bottles.

Gossip Must Be Silenced
"Before Fame's report can be heard," said Ill Ho, the sage of Chinatown, "the tongue of gossip must grow silent through weariness."

Are You Successful?



From the day that a young man starts out to seek his first position to the end of his business life, his health and personal appearance have a world to do with his success. If you are not physically up to the mark—appetite uncertain, digestion poor, and a general sense of incapacity and weakness, take DR. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY. It renews the blood with the vital life-giving red corpuscles and promotes robust health, a clear skin, energy, pep. Get "GMD" from your druggist in either fluid or tablet form. Ingredients printed on label.

Palace Made Playgrounds

Fallen greatness is nowhere so apparent as in the former imperial capitals of Europe. In a section of the Fasan (pheasant) garden of the park attached to the once imperial palace of Schoenbrunn, the Vienna municipality and the Austrian national government together plan to construct a huge playground and a number of athletic fields for school children.

When Babies CRY

Babies will cry, often for no apparent reason. You may not know what's wrong, but you can always give Castoria. This soon has your little one comforted; if not, you should call a doctor. Don't experiment with medicines intended for the stronger systems of adults! Most of those little upsets are soon soothed away by a little of this pleasant-tasting, gentle-acting children's remedy that children like. It may be the stomach, or may be the little bowels. Or in the case of older children, a sluggish, constipated condition. Castoria is still

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30 TURNER ST. AT MARKET
\$1.50
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GLENN'S
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Soft, Clear Skin
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Avoid Disappointment. Order Pleasant Eggs now. We have to refuse orders for several thousand eggs each season. Limited number of breeders left for sale. Price list on request. Hayward Pheasantry, H. V. Lajouneuse Prop. Route 3, Box 160, Hayward, Calif.

Wanted Representatives to sell planetary charts, includes Spanish system and reading, splendid for entertaining, fairs, etc. Sample \$1.00, sells for \$2.00. Scroll Company, 1225 W. Adams St., Los Angeles, Calif.

RAISINS, good fresh, 10c lb., delivered prepaid, guaranteed, minimum order \$5.00. See H. C. B. Live Oak, Calif. J. J. Fresno.

For Coughed Horses
Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh
All dealers are authorized to refund your money for the first bottle if not suited.

AVOCADO Citrus and Vegetable Land in Fallbrook District, Box 800, H. Griffin, Realtor, Fallbrook, San Diego Co., Calif.

Richest irrigated Valley Land in west coast of Mexico. Owner V. R. Twist, 207 N. Oxford, Los Angeles, Calif. Phone GL 9756.

FOR SALE
5 acres part cleared. Cash price \$300. B. BUCKFORD, ROUTE 1, FERRIS, CALIF.

Mary Washington Asparagus seed \$1 per lb. in small lots. 100 lb. lots or over write for prices. Libby's Canal Ranch, Thornton, Calif.

Coughing
STOPS
Boschee's Syrup soothes instantly, ends irritation quickly! GUARANTEED.
with
Boschee's SYRUP
At all
druggists

One of the plagues of always talking gayly is that one says things that he regrets.

FEEL DIZZY?
Headache, bilious, constipated? Take DR. NATURE'S REMEDY—NIGHTMARE. This mild, safe, vegetable remedy will have you feeling fine by morning. You'll enjoy free, thorough bowel action without the slightest sign of griping or discomfort.

Safe, mild, purely vegetable—
at druggists—only 25c
FEEL LIKE A MILLION, TAKE

NR TO-NIGHT
TOMORROW ALRIGHT

W. N. U., San Francisco, No. 15-1930.

Chance dispenses life with unequal judgment; she snatches away the young, and prolongs the life of the old.—Ovid.



the thing to give. It is almost certain to clear up any minor ailment, and could by no possibility do the youngest child the slightest harm. So it's the first thing to think of when a child has a coated tongue; won't play, can't sleep, is fretful or out of sorts. Get the genuine; it's always has Chas. H. Fletcher's signature on the package.

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Editorial

VIGILANTES—YESTERDAY AND NOW

In the early days of San Francisco when the great gold rush to California which began in 1894 was in full swing, the makeshift government machinery broke down so completely that the town was at the mercy of the crooks, murderers and bandits. The citizens took the law into their own hands. They organized a super-government, a Vigilance committee, popularly called by its Spanish equivalent, "Vigilantes," and cleaned up the town. They had to hang a good many and shoot a good many more before they finished the job, but they cleaned up the town and turned its government over to honest men who could be relied upon to administer justice adequately.

In most of the large cities of the United States today and in many smaller communities conditions exist in respect of crime and maladministration which make thoughtful citizens at times wonder whether a revival of the old Vigilantes is not called for. Whenever a known criminal is turned loose by a complaisant judge, when men paid to police a community fail to suppress crime which is blatant and easily discoverable, when men intrusted with public funds squander or steal them, the remedy of the ballot-box does not always seem adequate.

There is another remedy, however, and one which does not savor of lynch law nor contravene the right of every person, criminal or otherwise, to his day in court. That remedy is publicity.

It takes a stout heart to expose corruption in office. It takes courage to tell the truth about local crime and criminals. It lays a heavy burden upon any one man, to carry the risks which surround whoever tries to check lawlessness, for he is dealing with men who are not governed by the rules to which the reformer must adhere. But every now and then some newspaper man performs that sort of public service.

Sometimes he loses his life, as Don Mellett did in Canton, Ohio. But the name of Don Mellett, newspaper man, will stand forever in the annals of his city as that of a man who freed its citizens from criminal misrule. Canton is building a monument to its liberator. In the fraternity of journalism Don Mellett's memory will live for all time as a martyr to the spirit of public service which must actuate every honest member of the craft.

More recently the newspapers of Scranton, Pa., exposed a conspiracy among gamblers and public officials, and several prominent citizens of Scranton are under indictment in consequence. The New York's Evening Journal's disclosure of vice and graft in Atlantic City is another example. Columns could be filled with instances where newspapers, often fighting alone, have saved their communities from the clutches of organized crime and corrupt officials working in partnership with the criminals.

A free press, the friend of every honest citizen, the fearless foe of every dishonest one, is the modern Vigilante.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE LAWS

There are times and occasions when honest people can honestly disagree about the policies of the President of the United States. They may disagree on personal or political grounds, and express their opinions freely without being subject to criticism therefor.

On one point at least, of President Hoover's policies it is difficult to see how honest people can disagree. On the question of law enforcement the only possible disagreement is between honest folk and criminals.

Honest men may dislike any particular law, for any number of honest reasons. It is not only their right in such a case to agitate for its amendment or repeal, it is their duty. There is nothing inconsistent with honesty and good citizenship in taking part in any lawful effort to change the laws, even the constitution itself.

But so long as any law is a law, the effort of the chief executive to enforce it to the utmost of human and administrative efficiency calls for the support of everyone who regards himself as a good citizen, or who wishes to be so regarded by his neighbors and his community. If each of us is to select which laws he will obey and which he will violate, the foundations of our democratic system of government begin at once to tumble.

President Hoover has asked congress to put better tools into his hands for the enforcement of the federal laws. The procedure in the federal courts today

necessitates long delays and inadequate attention to the majority of criminal cases. The commission of law enforcement, composed of many of the ablest men in the nation, has recommended many changes in the laws governing the federal courts. The legislation necessary to effect those changes should not be made the basis of a partisan quarrel in congress. The issue in this instance is not between political points of view but between honest citizens and criminals.



Just For Fun

A COLUMN OF FUN AND FACTS

By Halliwell & Jones

HOWDY FOLKS—When a woman laughs at the same jokes her husband has been cracking for 30 years, that's love, my children, that's love!

The supreme court of Kentucky has just given its official definition of a frankfurter. We always thought the definition of a frankfurter was, "hash dressed in tights."



MAUD MUFFINS SEZ: "The old-fashioned girl kissed to make up, but the modern girl makes up to kiss."

MOVIE DEPARTMENT
NOW THAT THE TALKIES ARE HERE, WHY NOT CALL THE CINEMA, THE CHINEMA?

THE GOOD OLD DAZE
New York is being dried and found wanting.

FASHION NOTE
The loud cravat is the tie that blinds.

PITIFUL CASES
The sheepherder who didn't know what to do for his insomnia.

OILY TO BED, OILY TO RISE, MAKES A MECHANIC HEALTHY, WEALTHY AND WISE.

The wisest thing to do when you need tires is to buy **GOOD-YEAR HEAVY DUTIES**. Yes, we sell 'em.

HALIWELL & JONES
OPPOSITE SCHOOLS—PH. 111
Campbell, California

Mrs. Lennox and Mrs. Stray Entertain Friends At the Lennox Home

Mrs. L. T. Lennox and Mrs. W. H. Stray were hostesses at an afternoon bridge and tea party held at the Lennox home, "Sunny Ridge," on Vasona Heights, Thursday afternoon. Decorations were of spring flowers and the tables were covered with organdie to match the soft shades of the flowers which were also used as centerpieces.

Present from Campbell were the Mesdames D. H. Cramer, Hattie Baugh, E. R. Kennedy, R. H. Hyde, R. G. Archibald, G. S. Robson, J. C. Ainsley, H. W. Morton, S. V. Perrott, H. M. Shadle, L. C. Shank, W. N. Lloyd, H. C. Smith, W. H. Jackson, Gordon Ainsley, R. Y. Maxon, Miss Mary Rodeck. The out of town guests were Mesdames Allen Rudolph, Clarence Wolff, Jane Higbie, Wendell Thomas, William Rambo, Lawrence Neville and Miss Evelyn Beattie of San Jose, Mrs. G. B. Rodeck and Mrs. M. E. Kennedy of Gilroy, Mrs. Walter Crider of Los Gatos, Mrs. E. E. Pomeroy of Saratoga and Mrs. Warren Shelley of Ben Lomond.

Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Bean were entertained by their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Bryant Smith, in Vallejo on the event of their 49th wedding anniversary.

"Doe" Beall and Percy Dunlap will spend Wednesday with H. C. McVea at his camp at Lobos. The boys expect to get some abalones as big as wash-tubs and a few fish to go with them.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Kennedy Celebrate Golden Wedding Day

Many and hearty were the greetings and congratulations tendered Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wilson Kennedy last Friday by their relatives and friends. On that day they celebrated their golden wedding anniversary with all their sons and daughters gathered around them for a reception in the evening.

Mr. Kennedy came to California with his parents in 1863 and after another trip across the plains to their home in Missouri, decided to return to California, settling first near Sacramento.

In 1880 Mr. Kennedy married Miss Ella Giles, native of California and daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. James Giles. The same year the newly married couple moved to this district to make their home.

The wedding anniversary feast and reception were held in the community hall which had been beautifully decorated in a color scheme of yellow and green. Besides the celebration of the anniversary note was taken that all members of the family were present and that there has not been a death or a divorce in the Kennedy family for 50 years.

Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy have nine children, most of whom are married and have children of their own and they all attended the reception. The family includes Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Kennedy and son Russell Neil, Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Farley and sons, Philip Thomas and David; Miss Florence Kennedy, Miss Elizabeth Kennedy, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Kennedy, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Kennedy and children, Stephen, Giles, Carol Jean, Gerald and Richard, all of Campbell; Mrs. Rosena Kennedy Spaulding (her husband and children were unable to be present) of Los Angeles, and Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Kennedy and children, Mark and Harriet of Gilroy.

Miss Joyce Robson is spending the Easter vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Robson.

Miss Elizabeth Turner, who teaches at Fresno, is spending the Easter vacation with her mother, Mrs. Edith Turner.

The meeting of the Pundita circle which should have been Wednesday, April 16, has been postponed until Wednesday, April 23, and they will meet at that time with Mrs. G. W. Page.

Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Hogan were business visitors in San Francisco last week.

J. J. Pardee and daughter Margaret were in Sacramento over the week-end visiting with Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Pardee.

Art of Old-Time Housewives



What is more natural than that the early American housewife, after a winter of quilt-making, should name the design shown above the "Easter Lily"? This is one of many old quilt designs shown in "Old Patchwork Quilts" by Ruth E. Finley (inset.)

Dr. Lucas Empey Will Address Woman's Club

The Country Woman's club will hold its regular meeting Monday afternoon at the community hall. Mrs. W. I. Merrill, Mrs. G. E. Jeffers and Mrs. F. R. Anderson are hostesses. The program will be on "Child Welfare and Dr. Lucas Empey, child specialist, will be the principal speaker of the afternoon."

Young mothers are cordially invited to attend. There will be a brief program following the business session.

Mrs. S. M. King of Twin Lakes was visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Smith, Monday and Tuesday. She was accompanied home Tuesday by her cousin, James F. Knappen, who is down for the Easter holidays from Marysville where he teaches in the junior college.

Pundita Circle Sends Delegates to District Meet At Del Monte

Mrs. George Burrow, president, Mrs. L. J. Carboni, Miss Annie Schulte, Miss Helah Laird left today for Del Monte as delegates from the Pundita Circle to the district convention of the Federation of Women's clubs which will be in session there until Friday of this week.

Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Parso and Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Whitman will drive down tomorrow and the ladies will attend the meetings as delegates from the San Jose Woman's club.

George Stray of Ducor was here visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Stray, over the week-end.

Mrs. Oluf Strom was a business visitor in San Francisco Wednesday.

VOTE FOR Hall S. Schrader For County Recorder

An Efficient Business Man makes a good County Official

Primary, August 26, 1930



THE CAMPBELL SHOE HOSPITAL

Opposite Bank
Campbell, California

WATCH FOR THIS GREAT

Mystery Story

Starts

April 29

in the

CAMPBELL PRESS

Miss Nobody From Nowhere
by Elizabeth Jordan





GUNMAN'S BLUFF

BY *Edgar Wallace*

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Thirteenth Installment

"For God's sake, Margaret, consider what you're doing!"

She saw he was really alarmed; his voice was tremulous, his whole air suggested panic.

"I swear to you I don't know where Luke is—he was on a barge."

"Connor had him then. The swine didn't tell me that Maddison had signed a check. All he told me was that he jumped into the river and got away or was drowned—I don't know which. That's the truth. I knew nothing about it till Connor had found him I swear to you this is the truth!"

"Where is Connor?" she asked.

"I don't know. He was here this morning, and told me about Luke getting away. That is all the information I have. I didn't believe him, and probably it's a lie he told me."

He saw she was undecided and eagerly sought to turn her from her intention. He had no doubt that she meant what she had said.

She did not know what to do.

"Could you find Haynes for me?"

"Find Haynes?" he almost shouted. "You don't imagine I would communicate with that fellow, do you? He's a dangerous man, Margaret."

"Mrs. Maddison," she said coldly.

"He's dangerous—you oughtn't to have any dealings with him."

He did not attempt to deny the theft of the checks.

"You don't know where Mr.

his flat.

"What do you make of that, Mrs. Maddison?"

She shook her head helplessly.

"It couldn't be a suit your husband gave away, because the date it was delivered is written on the tab, and it must have been new a month ago."

He looked at her keenly.

"There's a lot of mystery about this husband of yours, Mrs. Maddison, and I think you're in some kind of trouble. I'd like to help you if I could."

She was going to speak, but he held up his hand to stop her.

"Don't tell me anything until I have told you just how much I know." He ticked off the facts on the fingers of his hand. "I know your husband disappeared the day after your marriage. I know that there was a burglary at his flat, and that when police arrived they recognized the man who had been concerned in a robbery that afternoon. I know that among the things stolen from his flat was a passport—I interviewed his servant subsequently, and he told me there was a passport in one of the drawers of the desk. Now, if there were any chance—and it seems one of those fantastic theories that writers make a lot of money from—that this man is Mr. Maddison, the best people to help him are the police. I know him well enough to be sure that he wouldn't hold up Taffany's. If it's a question of impersonation we can be more than useful. Won't you tell me, Mrs. Maddison?"

She was silent. With a shake

expedient to finance the small

company which owned the airplanes, and by telephone he arranged his flight. This was facilitated by the fact that the company had recently acquired a big rebuilt monoplane which was capable of a long flight. Danty, who had decided upon Switzerland for his first hop, gave orders for the storage of petrol and necessities for the journey. He certainly did not anticipate taking a companion with him, but he was not the only panic-stricken man in London.

Danty made a very quick search for papers which, left behind, might have awkward consequences, and his first attention was directed to the little box in which he kept the most dangerous of his correspondence. He brought this into the dining room before he discovered that the lock had been forced. With an exclamation he threw up the lid, shook out the contents—the one packet of letters that he had been mad to keep was gone! And the little telephone slip—that also had disappeared.

His hands were shaking so that he could hardly hold the papers he was examining. There was no need to speculate upon the identity of the man who had forced that box. The Gunner had been seen in the neighborhood; Pi Coles had told him that, and it had been the Gunner who had made this search and found the documents. Danty Morell saw death grinning at him; hypnotized into sheer inaction. When there came a knock at the outer door he leaped up from his chair, a shivering wreck of a man, not daring to open to the visitor.

He calmed himself sufficiently to go to the door and demand who was there, and when he heard Connor's voice he could have cried aloud for joy.

"What's the matter with you?" asked Connor, when they were back in the room.

"I've had a bit of a shock, and I'm not particularly well. You know they're after those kites?"

Connor himself was not particularly happy looking.

"I know. They've stopped a check I sent to the bank and half the busies in London are looking for him. They know who it is, too—that's the worst of it. You're in this, Danty."

"We're both in it, aren't we?" snarled the other. "I'm getting out of London tonight."

"You've got a fine chance of getting out of London, unless

you take a rattler." And then, suddenly: "How are you going?"

It was on the tip of Danty's tongue to invent a method of escape, but just now he needed the association of Connor. Connor was not above using a gun at a pinch, and, moreover, hated Gunner Haynes.

"I'm going by airplane from Elford," he said. "We've got the Gunner to thank for this. He squealed."

"He's never stopped squealing," said Connor without heat. "Where do you land in your flying machine?"

Danty told him his destination.

"That'll do for me," said Connor.

He looked at the papers on the table.

"Having a burn-up?" he asked pleasantly. And then: "How much stuff have you got?"

Here Danty lied. He could not tell the truth about money.

The conference was a brief one. They agreed to visit the flying field that evening and make final preparations for their journey. The journey through the suburbs of London was a quiet one; now and again Danty lifted the flap at the back of the hired car in which they were traveling, and peered along the darkening road.

"What's the matter with you?" growled Connor.

"There's a car, a two-seater, following us."

"Why shouldn't it?" demanded the other sarcastically.

"Do you want the road to yourself?"

A few moments later, when Danty looked back, the little car had disappeared.

The preparations for the night's journey were not easily made. The pilot had only just been communicated with. He was on a holiday in the Midlands.

"It's a good job we came, or we might have been in Queer street," said Connor as they were driving back. "What time did you say you'd be here?"

"About midnight."

"What are you looking for?" asked Connor ten minutes later. "The little car?"

He pushed his companion aside and peered.

"There's a motor lorry; has that got anything on us?" he demanded.

Danty said nothing. No man could know the terror that was in his heart. Behind him stalked the grim shadow of vengeance, and every second he expected to see the hawklike face of the Gunner peering into his from the darkness.

Danty did not go near his flat. He telephoned to Pi Coles and they met in the park, Pi bringing with him an overcoat and wrap which were to be Danty's sole luggage. His servant he rewarded liberally.

There was nothing to do now but to pass the few hours which intervened before he left England forever.

(Concluded Next Week)

Mrs. Agnes Benfield, who for the past ten years has resided on Central avenue here, is moving to her home in San Jose this week. Her nephew, Bennie Miller, who makes his home with her, will finish the school term in Campbell, staying with his brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Gayno Edlemon.

Mrs. P. H. Dunlap was visiting with friends at Redwood City Thursday.

President Gets Poppy



Five-year-old Lois June Allen, orphan daughter of a world war veteran, pins the first "Buddy Poppy" of the Spring campaign on Mr. Hoover's coat. The money from the sale of the poppies goes for the relief of disabled veterans and their dependants.

GRAND PATRIARCH WILL VISIT HERE

An invitation is extended to all encampments of district No. 13, Patriarchal branch I.O.O.F. and all members who can attend, to visit with Barnes encampment No. 77 at Campbell Wednesday evening, April 16.

Francis Kellen, grand patriarch of the order, will pay an official visit to the lodge on that occasion. Patriarchal degrees will be conferred on a large class by a team from Redwood City, Santa Clara, San Jose and Campbell.

John Duncan is visiting his mother for a while after a six weeks' cruise as radio operator aboard the S. S. San Mateo to Central America.

Helen Stray and Mary Maxon have returned to resume their studies at Pomona. They returned by boat from San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. David Sanders left Sunday to visit for a few days with friends at San Pedro and to spend a few days at Yosemite.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Page and son Rex have moved from their apartment on Central avenue to the Miranda cottage on Latimer avenue.

Hemstitching—Reasonable. Call evenings. F. Fletcher. 106 N. Central, Ph. 107-J. 30-5

No need in carrying your clock to town for repairs. Let us call for it and deliver it when in order. Call Campbell 231. Page's Jewelry, 26 E. San Antonio.



Maddison is at all?"

He accepted the corrected relationship without a murmur.

"No, Mrs. Maddison, I've no idea. Connor's been looking for him all night."

When she returned home she found the Sparrow waiting for her on the doorstep. The sight of a large kitbag at his feet surprised her, and when he carried it into the house and into the little study on the ground floor, she was to have a shock. She did not recognize the crumpled clothes he took from the bag.

"These clothes were found in the possession of a river thief, who was trying to sell them this morning," he said.

"He didn't know that your husband's name was stitched in the inside pocket?"

"My husband's name?" she gasped, turning pale. "Where did he get them?"

"That's what I want to know. The yarn he tells is that last night he picked up a man who was wet through and who had come out of the river, and took him to a house. We've since verified that—though from the description I've had it couldn't possibly be Mr. Maddison, who is still abroad, I presume?"

Was there a note of sarcasm in his voice? She thought she detected it, and very wisely did not answer.

"The man said the clothes were given to him, but that of course is the usual yarn. I have reason to believe that they were stolen while the owner was in bed. Can you throw any light upon them?"

She shook her head. It was a pitiable confession, but she knew she could not even recognize an old suit of clothes worn by her husband. It was the suit into which he had changed when he broke into

of his head the detective took his departure, carrying with him the suit of clothes and a very deep-seated conviction.

It was a curious coincidence that he should have brought those crumpled garments to the house when, neatly packed away in a new suitcase in her bedroom, was the change of garments she had arranged for Luke.

She was puzzled as to the arrangements she could make that would be most convenient. She decided ultimately upon leaving the suitcase at a railway cloakroom. The ticket could be sent to Luke as soon as he was discovered. She waited for the night to come to carry this plan into effect.

The night brought its problems for Danty Morell. That afternoon, after Margaret Maddison had left him, he made a discovery which turned him sick with apprehension. He had lost his hold on Margaret; at any moment she might go to the police, and just then he was most anxious not to renew acquaintance with Scotland Yard. Things had gone badly with him; he owed a very large sum of money which had to be paid in the city on the following day; and now, with the added possibility of police intervention, his position was perilous.

Danton Morell was in some ways a careful man. However extravagant he might be, he had reserved for himself a fat nest egg in cash which, in spite of all temptation, he had never touched. He had collected the money that day from two or three accounts which he ran in an assumed name. Nothing was needed now but to follow the line of retreat he had planned. There was a small aerodrome on the outskirts of London, from which exhibition flights were given. Danty had found it

If You Leave No Will



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CREPE FROCKS UNMISTAKABLY NEW



AS TO the adorable frocks of flat crepe which are blossoming out in pastel colorings this spring, there is no mistaking the date of their creation. Spring, 1930, is written all over them down to the very last tiny tuck, plait, and myriads of other styling details which might be mentioned.

The moment you catch sight of one of these fascinating little advance models, you realize that so far as making a last season "left over" do duty this spring, the case is hopeless. And it most assuredly is. The whole scheme of fashion has undergone such drastic changes, that the only thing left to do is "to begin all over again" in matter of assembling an up-to-the-moment wardrobe.

Among the really chic, plain fabrics are the newest thing, especially flat crepes and taffetas styled with all the little devices that dressmaker skill can conjure. In these pliant little plain crepe frocks so smart for afternoon wear, one gets a liberal education as to the ways of pin tucks, plaits, shirrings, gorges, godets, peplums, boleros and a host of other equally fascinating tricks of the mode.

As to the really new colors, they are a revelation. To be sure navy blue is outstanding in this spring's showings, the whole range of blues, for that matter, are highlighted in advance styles. However, when it comes to the thrill of something "different" the new "baby" colorings carry the honors. Pale blues, aquamarine, shell pink, delicate green, and in fact a whole range of "dusty" pastels for the flat crepe frock have captured the heart of the fashionable world.

A model typical of the new trend in gowns for afternoon wear is shown in the picture. This "love-of-a-frock" circles dozens and dozens of pin tucks in deep gorge fashion around the hips, with plaits all around the bottom of the skirt of course it accents a high waistline, just to prove how very fashionable it is. A back view of this frock would reveal three box plaits extending from waist to hemline.

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Bottle of Olives Saved the Day

The Weekly Short Story—By H. IRVING KING

THEY had been having a lovers' quarrel. I have not the faintest idea what it was about—they were not clear on that point themselves when they came to think it over the next morning. But what ever it was they quarreled about it it sufficed and, as they parted in anger, Ruth announced to John that she would never speak to him again. Whereupon John had replied: "And I, Miss Walton, hereafter will refrain from addressing you."

Before John Carstairs reached home he began to be sorry, and by the time he reached home he was very sorry indeed. Above all things in the world he longed for a reconciliation, but, because of his obstinacy, resolved that he would not be the first to make advances. And the door had scarcely closed upon John when Ruth was seized with an impulse to call him back. But there was just a trifle of shyness in the makeup of Ruth too; and she repressed her impulse. She longed for a reconciliation, but John must make the first overtures for peace.

But neither of them did write penitent letters. That afternoon they met in the street; but Ruth was bearing no olive branch in her hand as they approached each other, and neither was John. They passed without speaking.

Figure as they would they could neither of them hit upon a plan of reconciliation which would not involve some loss of "face." So things went along for a whole, miserable week. Then fate threw them together in a most embarrassing manner. Ruth had a little run about which she used to drive her self; and John had a roadster which he drove. It was just about dusk, Ruth had been down to the village and had volunteered to bring up from the grocer's some supplies which were needed for the house. Halfway home—just at the point where there was no house nearer than a couple of miles—her engine went wrong and her machine came to a stop.

She got out to see what was the matter and a working man on his way home came along and volunteered assistance. While the man tinkered with the engine and Ruth stood by offering more or less valuable suggestions along came John in his machine on his way home from the city. Sighting a craft in distress, he halted and joined the party. He saw that it was Ruth who was stranded—it was still light enough to recognize her and her car at a considerable distance. But, unreasonable and unjust as Ruth had been, he could not, as a gentleman, refuse his aid to a lady in difficulties. He would repair her car for her, if he could; it was not necessary that he should speak to her during the operation.

"What's the matter?" inquired John of the tinkering laborer, not even looking at Ruth. The man told him, and together they discussed the situation, Ruth standing silently by biting her lips. "It's no use; the car will have to be towed to a garage," said the man.

"Yes, I think you are right," replied John. "As soon as I reach the village I will send out and have it brought in. Will you ask this lady if she will allow me to take her to her home first?"

"The gent wants to know if he can give you a lift home, miss," said the man.

"Tell the gentleman that he may," replied Ruth. "And hand me my bundles out of my car, if you please."

The man started to obey; but John was before him. He began to take the bundles out but instead of handing them to Ruth he placed them, without a word, in his own car.

Another car had now come along and stopped to see what the matter was. Its headlights were turned on and made the little spot around Ruth's stranded machine as light as day. John was taking out the last of Ruth's spoils from the groceryman when its wrapping slipped off and he saw that he held in his hand a good-sized bottle on which

was a gaudy label, reading: "Olives, Branch & Co., canners." His eyes twinkled. He was not entirely without a sense of humor, and instead of putting the bottle in his machine along with the other bundles, he handed it direct to Ruth—handed it in such a manner that she could hardly help but observe that label. She looked at it for a second or two. "Olives," "Branch," she read—and then smiled. He was handing her the olive branch! Holding the bottle in her hand, she hopped into John's machine. John quickly followed her and off they drove.

There was an embarrassing silence for a few moments after John started his car. Ruth somehow got the cork out of the bottle of olives and began eating them. Then John said: "By the way, Ruth, I find you were quite right about the matter we were discussing the other night."

"How nice for you to say so," replied Ruth. "Let me see—we were discussing—er—"

"Why, about—er—"

"John, hang it all! Never mind what it was about. The question is, are you going to let me take you to the Eldridges' dance Tuesday?"

"Why, of course, John," said Ruth. "Have an olive."

(Copyright.)

PRINT FROCK CALLS FOR CAPE COAT



MOTHERS, you will soon, if you have not already, be hearing little daughter clamoring for a printed challis frock. Also be prepared to have these style-conscious youngsters follow up the challis request with a demand for a coat with a cape, for "all the girls are wearing them."

There is no doubt about the attractive costume in the picture meeting with parental approval at first glance. Over a one-piece frock of printed zephyr wool challis which has red figures on a creamy background, the dainty miss is shown wearing a coat of plain red flannel. A more ideal combination for early spring wear it would be difficult to find anywhere on fashion's program.

Of course if navy is preferred instead of red for the coat, all well

and good, for than navy flannel or serge for little girls' wraps there is nothing smarter this season. Several other blues for coats are ever so chic, too, especially pirate blue, and for dressy occasions, both blues and pinks in dusty pastel tones are quite the thing this season. And there's the new light greens, they surely must be mentioned, for special emphasis is being placed on coats of soft green tweeds and greenish-toned covert.

The appearance of quaint all-wool challis among the season's most fashionable fabrics is hailed with delight by youth and adult. This revival of challis came about because of the enthusiasm expressed in style circles for light weight woollens of every description. Now that challis is again in vogue, it is acclaimed not only for simple daytime dresses for children and grownups alike, but it is being made into three-piece ensembles, using plain for the coat and figured for the one-piece dress or skirt and blouse, as the case may be. The separate blouse made of challis to wear with the tailored tweeds or covert suit is also very smart, and this applies to what's what for little folks as well as their elders.

JULIA ROTHOMLEY.
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Dictation

The little boy's definition may be right, at that, when he intimated that "dictation" is what a man takes from his wife and gives to his stenographer.—Savannah News.

Try It on Your Own

Slap the cheeks until they glow, advises a beauty expert. But first be sure, of course, they're your own.—Adrian Telegram.

The Wiggles A Story for the Children

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

"THERE is one thing extremely nice about the snake family," said Mrs. Wiggle Snake, "and that is we don't always wear the same clothes."

"How often we see the same creatures who never seem to change their costumes—dogs and cats."

"Now we have new suits quite often."

"We have to put up with hardships in order to get it, though," said Mr. Wiggle Snake. "It doesn't all come so easily."

"Perhaps other creatures don't care so much for something new as we do."

"We show how much we care about it when we go to such a bother."

"You see every spring when the snake families awaken from their winter naps they all change their skins."

"While they are waiting for the new skin to be grown upon them—for they have to wait for their new suits just as people who go to tailors or dressmakers have to wait for their suits—they are quite blind."

"Yes, that is what snakes put up with in order to get new suits."

"After they have shed their old skins they become blind and for two weeks while the new skins are becoming perfect they can not see at all."

"They feel their way about with their forked tongues which are especially sharp and excellent at just this time."

"Their new skins have been growing under the old ones, but when they have dropped their old ones, the new skins have to have a chance to become just right in every detail."

"You can imagine that a snake is almost as fussy to have a suit fit as is a grown-up. Therefore they are willing to wait two weeks every

spring. And they are willing to be blind for that time."

So the snakes talked.

"How do you think you will like your new suit?" asked Mrs. Wiggle Snake.

"I can't see how I will like it," said Mr. Wiggle, "but I feel as though I would, and as though it were going to be all right."

"I am sure I will like mine," said Mrs. Wiggle Snake. "Some-



"I Am Sure I Will Like Mine."

how I always do. I love a new skin so."

"And we love ours," said the other snakes.

"We must have a good meal soon," said Mrs. Wiggle. "It is just three months since we have had our breakfast."

For the snakes eat every once in awhile—but when they eat they eat a great deal, and then they sleep.

So they decided they would have a family dinner as soon as they had their new skins.

In the meantime they went crawling around, feeling with their

forked tongues, and hissing delightfully about their new skins which were growing so well, and of the meal they had had three months ago.

And also of the one they would have so soon now. They were getting up splendid appetites!

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No Use Merely Swapping

Burying the hatchet won't do you much good unless you're willing to hang up the hammer.—Fort Wayne News-Sentinel.

A Crooked Line

If all true-confession authors were placed end to end, they'd still be lying.—Pathfinder Magazine.

EVERYDAY FOOD

By NELLIE MAXWELL

"A drop of water is so slight That as it falls, it fades from sight And yet enough of them will be A torrent or a raging sea."

TAKE a center cut of fresh salmon, cover with cold water and plenty of salt. Bring slowly to a boil, removing all scum, and simmer until the fish is tender. Drain well and serve with the following sauce: Take six tablespoonsful of butter, the yolks of two eggs, put them into a double boiler, stirring briskly until the butter is dissolved. Mix two tablespoonsful of flour with the egg mixture, add the juice of a lemon and one cupful of milk, a little grated nutmeg and pepper and salt. Stir constantly, until it thickens to a smooth custard.

Pike a la Tartar.—Cut a fresh pike into slices and lay the slices into a marinade of olive oil, minced onion, salt and pepper, finely cut mushrooms and parsley. Cover the fish with bread crumbs and broil, brushing with the marinade. When the fish is a golden brown, place on a hot platter and serve with parsley and a tartar sauce.

Spinach With Egg.—Boil spinach

in very little water. Beat up two eggs for each pound of cooked chopped spinach, sprinkle with bread crumbs that have been well buttered. Pour over olive oil or butter and heat thoroughly. Serve hot.

Consomme Royal.—Beat two eggs, add salt and one-half cupful of milk. Pour into a square shallow pan and cook over hot water until the custard is firm. Cool, cut into small squares and serve in hot consommé.

Glazed Peach Fritters.—Peel, stone, and cut into halves, firm peaches. Toss about until well covered with sugar, being careful not to break them. Canned peaches may be used. Take two cupfuls of flour, one-half cupful of water and mix this batter with the whites of two eggs well beaten, adding salt and a tablespoonful of melted butter. Bring some hot vegetable oil to the proper heat, dip each peach into batter then fry in the hot fat. When lightly brown drain on a paper and sift over powdered sugar. Place in a hot oven for a few minutes to glaze. Serve on a dolly covered plate while hot.

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SUCH IS LIFE—It All Depends



By Charles Sughrue



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Complexion Requisites

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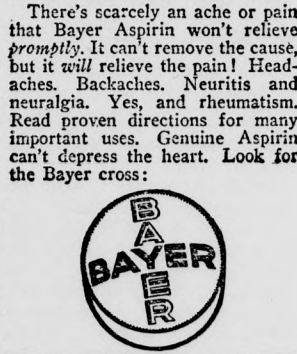


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HEALED OVERNIGHT
Specialist's salve. Carbolic, cures pain instantly. Heals worst boil overnight. Get Carbolic from druggist. End pain quick. Boils vanish in quickest time ever known.

Antiques

Some men digging in the street noticed a sign in front of a house—"Antiques." They argued among themselves as to what the word meant.

Finally one big man spoke up. "An-te-cues," he pronounced impressively, "why, why that's where they teach fancy dancing."



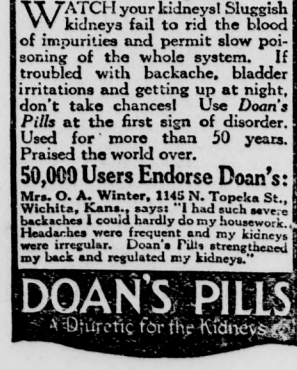
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There's scarcely an ache or pain that Bayer Aspirin won't relieve promptly. It can't remove the cause, but it will relieve the pain! Headaches, Backaches, Neuritis and neuralgia. Yes, and rheumatism. Read proven directions for many important uses. Genuine Aspirin can't depress the heart. Look for the Bayer cross:



Veterans on Pension Rolls

On December 31, 1929, there were 472,917 old soldiers on the pension rolls of the bureau of pensions. Of this number 183,310 were Spanish American veterans, 55,716 were Civil war veterans; and the remainder were regular service men, and veterans of the Indian wars.



DOAN'S PILLS
A Diuretic for the Kidneys



School Standards

The average American community that is self-respecting will want to be STANDARD IN ITS SCHOOLS first and foremost! These standards are widely accepted.

The FOUR basic standards are:

SCHOOL ATTENDANCE
NUMBER OF PUPILS TO A TEACHER
SCHOOL PROPERTY PER ATTENDING CHILD
TEACHERS' SALARIES

Specifically these standards are as follows: (every parent should be familiar with these standards)

1. The high school enrollment should be ONE-FIFTH of the total school census population.
2. Eighty-five per cent of the teachers in the grades should have at least six years' training since completing the grades; seventy-five per cent of the high school teachers should have eight years of training.
3. The *average* class in grade school should not be more than 30—and in high school, 45.

4. Fifty per cent of the young people (15-18) should be in high school.

5. Seventy-five per cent of all the children of school age (5-18) should be enrolled in and attending grade or high school.

6. As many boys as girls should go on to high school.

7. School buildings should be adequately lighted, heated and ventilated—equipped with sanitary conveniences.

8. There should be no part-time attendance owing to overcrowding.

9. *Up-to-date* schools require equipped playgrounds; a gymnasium in every school; an auditorium for school and community events; medical inspection; provision for musical, dramatic, manual, commercial and domestic science training; athletic training and competition; a branch library.

10. \$200.00 worth of school property and equipment should be devoted to every attending child and at least \$100.00 per child spent for the annual maintenance of the schools.

The better our school standards—the better our schools—the better educated our children. Our school slogan can justly be "Better than most; as good as the best."

School standards are good for comparative reasons; but, as in all other community enterprises, concerted interest and action is required.

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Masonic Notice
Charity Lodge No. 362, F. & A. M., Campbell, Calif.
Stated meetings held on the first Monday of each month.
Robt. Scholz, W. M.
T. A. Robinson, Secretary

Independent Order of Odd Fellows
Morning Light Lodge
No. 42 Meets every Thursday evening in I.O.O.F. hall.
Sojourning members are cordially invited to attend the lodge meetings.
Fred Getchell, Noble Grand.
Ralph Gardner, Secretary

ORCHARD CITY GRANGE
Meets second and fourth Tuesday Evenings at I. O. O. F. Hall.
S. N. Hedegard, Worthy Master
Edna F. Keesling, Worthy Secy.
Patriarchal Branch I. O. O. F.
Barnes Encampment No. 77
Meets first and third Wednesday evenings at I. O. O. F. hall in Campbell.

H. A. Pratt,
Chief Patriarch.
E. A. Draper,
Scribe.

Campbell Union High School Notes

The "mothers and daughters tea," which was held Friday after school in the annex, was a great success. The girls amused their mothers with a delightful program which included the following numbers.

Solo dance, Lulu Murdock; vocal solo, Helen Charling; tap dance, "Wooden Soldiers," with Emma Gaiser, Phoebe Payne, Alberta Lantz, Alice Grant, Marjorie Cunningham, Gertrude Smith, Margaret Maneuso, and Esther Beer, with Betty Keesling as accompanist; dance, Dorothy Burton and Antoinette Malvini; musical reading, Dorothy Clark and Vesta Anderson; sleigh bells dance, Esther Carlton, Antoinette Malvini, Mildred Mello, Catherine Hobe and Muriel Wilson; piano solo, Mildred Cannon; tap dance, "Swanee

River," Lulu Caldwell, Marjorie Prout, Irene Eiseover, Sylvia Rhoten, Ann Seorsur and Martha Whitten, accompanied by Mildred Cannon; solo tap dance, Antoinette Malvini, accompanied by Rhoda Pyle; trumpet solo, Betty Keesling, accompanied by Rhoda Pyle; tap dance, "Sleepy Valley," with Eva Gorkovich, Anne Batinich, Lena Campisi, Sylvia Best, Idell Fulton, Margaret Smith and Nina May Sanford, accompanied by Rhoda Pyle; girls' glee club with Muriel Crothers, Veva Nichols, Ann Seorsur, Dorothy Watson, Geneva DiFiore, Mildred Cannon, Hazel Ousley, Verona Ashley, Antoinette Malvini, Vivian Hornberger, Alberta Lantz, Eva Silacci, Esther Beer and Irene Eiseover; tumbling stunts with Dorothy Todd, Lulu Murdock, Dorothy Burton, Hazel Baker, Alice Grant, Elsie Rickers, Antoinette Malvini, Catherine Mitchell, Idell Fulton and Margaret Smith.

—Cora Blakesley.
—CUHS—

Public Schools week will be celebrated with a special program at the grammar school auditorium and will be open to the public.

D. H. Cramer and I. R. Abbott will preside over the meeting and they have provided as speaker Dr. James DeVoss of the San Jose State college. There is to be a fine musical program which will include several selections by the high school orchestra, which is under the able direction of A. A. Thielke.

—CUHS—

We are about to celebrate a week of kindness to animals. Although we have a special week for this, we sincerely hope that people are always kind to animals. For those who are not we have this week in which to try to teach them.

Have you ever noticed how almost human an animal can be? If you have, we can be assured that you will do your utmost to influence the people toward humane conduct. Anyone who realizes the faithfulness of an animal can talk straight from the heart about its treatment.

And so we go into this week of kindness to animals, resolved to convert those who are cruel and to become even more kindly ourselves, than we have been in the past.

—CUHS—

QUAIL
A whirring sound and up jumps a brood of young quail. Hiding behind tall briars, I can hear the mother in the woods calling her family together. A soft, cooing, cooing persuades them to venture forth. Soon faint, timid "yeaps" come from all directions. Finally seeing no danger, the cooing mother begins a clucking call; and the little ones creep cautiously to her side. They finally disappear into the brush and the sound of the clucking mother and answering little ones grows fainter and fainter until all is quiet in the woods.

—Thomas Sourisseau.
—CUHS—

BILLY
Billy is a mischievous young goat with a knack for getting into trouble and extricating himself safely. Like all normal goats, Billy has sharp-pointed hoofs, and consequently is not allowed in the house.

To avenge this insult, Billy gallops up and down the long side porch, making as much noise as he can. If anyone comes out and chases him off the porch, he leaps the banister, carrying a flowerpot or two with him. Once in a while he becomes tired of being chased, and turns and charges at the person who happens to be in the way. When this happens it is time for the pursuer to retire, provided he has time.

Another trick of Billy's is to nudge the garage door open and climb into the car to sleep. If he hears anyone coming, he clangs over the shiny engine hood and coasts down the equally shiny fender. Then he hides behind the car, and if the chance presents itself, he will dart through the door full tilt into the unsuspecting victim. As a last resort he will make a feint at charging which leaves him in complete possession of the garage again.

A daily feature of Billy's program is pursuing the dog around the barn. The little foxterrier is no match for the goat so he seeks escape from Billy's friendly advances. Billy naturally concludes the dog is of a frolicsome nature and immediately sets out in hot pursuit. They race around the barn, the dog howling mournfully at every jump and the goat baaing excitedly in high glee.

But Billy tried his master's patience too much one day, and now the little foxterrier sleeps blissfully on, freed of the fear of a living tornado projecting itself on him unawares.

—Robert Cunningham.

Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Lovell and family left Wednesday for Arizona where Mrs. Lovell was forced to go to regain her health.

Isn't He Gorgeous?



Mr. Ronald Lindsay, new British Ambassador to the U. S., pays official visit to the President at the White House.

The regular meeting of We and Our Neighbors club of the Union district will be held in the clubhouse Saturday afternoon, April 19 at 2:30 o'clock. The hostesses are to be Mesdames P. M. Comer, E. O. LaMontague and J. Brewer.

Horace Persons was a business visitor in Tulare last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Lindley McNeil of Redwood City were visiting Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Cutting.

Mr. and Mrs. Delbert Campbell of Berkeley were recent visitors at the home of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Campbell.

Miss Alice McCaughey who teaches in Stockton will visit here during the current vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Johnson, accompanied by Kermit Brynteson, returned Friday from a motor trip to Vancouver, Seattle and Portland.

An all-day meeting of the Woman's Auxiliary of the Orchard City Grange will be held this Thursday. Plans are not yet quite complete.

D. H. Cramer, principal of the high school, left Saturday evening to attend the principals' convention at San Diego this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Gard left Friday for a visit in the southern part of the state.

Mrs. B. O. Curry was visiting with friends in San Francisco over the week-end.

The high school P. T. A. has postponed its meeting until May 6.

Mr. and Mrs. William Speegle are visiting in Los Angeles.

Mrs. C. T. Tanner is visiting at Soledad this week.

Mr. and Mrs. S. V. Perrott and children were visitors in Carmel last week.

Mrs. C. W. Sutter returned last Tuesday from a visit with friends in Oakland and Berkeley.

FOR SALE

SMALL HOUSE, MODERN PLUMBING, ETC. MUST BE MOVED OFF LOT SOON. SACRIFICE PRICE FOR QUICK SALE. INQUIRE AT CAMPBELL PRESS OFFICE

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New Church Head



The Right Reverend James D. Wolf Perry, Bishop of Rhode Island just elected Presiding Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church of America.

For Sale—Household furniture in lot, very reasonable. Three-burner oil cook stove, \$3.00. 40 So. Central Ave.

President Resigns



William C. Cosgrave, President of the Irish Free State, who resigned with his entire Cabinet when his policies were voted down by the Irish parliament.

Mother!

INSTANT hot water will shorten your housework 4 to 6 hours each week



Plenty of hot water at the turn of a faucet helps you finish the housework more quickly. You save many precious minutes in doing each task. In a week, you'll have 4 to 6 hours more time to give to the children, to go motoring or to go shopping.

Automatic Gas Water Heater Operates for Lowest Cost per Gallon.

With the automatic gas water heater, a thermostat turns the gas on and off and keeps the water hot, day and night. At any moment, one can have a basinful or a tubful of hot water. No gas is wasted keeping the water hot; the water stays hot because the boiler is insulated.

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PINKY DINKY and His Gang

By Terry Gilkison

